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Cor. Leonard and Moore Sts., BELMONT.

Health in Hot Weather.

As a general rule, women neglect looking after health conditions in hot weather. There should be a quick cold bath in the morning, nice cool fresh linen, a speedy and limited hair curling, a careful soothing of the complexion with cream marquis or cucumber milk and a washing that is comfortable, rational and in season. Nice crisp little muslins and dainties are beautiful except when they are worn down town. Then they are slimy, dusty, grimy, stringy rags. Never use soap and water on your face during the day, for that will simply howl to the freckles: "Come on! You're welcome." Bathe your face with a cleansing lotion, like cucumber milk, and wipe the skin with a good old powder rag. Just before dinner freshen yourself that way. At bedtime take a quick scrub with tepid suds and a bath brush, comb out your tangled locks, read a few chapters in some good book, drink a big glassful of cool milk and go to bed early. Late hours are very bad in hot weather. Start in the day feeling tired, and by noon you will look 79. As for the important matter of eating, what is better than crackers and milk, or a dish of fresh raspberries, or a crisp little lettuce salad, or fine sandwiches of palatable chicken, ham or crisp bacon? Call a halt on ice cream soda and the drinks that make you dream in the night and set your teeth on edge.

Dress Reformer.

Miss Susan P. Flower of New Jersey was the first woman to adopt the bloomer costume. She was born in Amesbury, Mass., 78 years ago and in her youth was considered a belle. She was a schoolteacher many years ago and a personal friend of the poet Whitfield. Later, at Vineland, N. J., Miss Flower made her debut upon the stage, and in the role of an ultra fashionable woman, wearing a decollete gown with long train and balloon sleeves, she was considered the handsomest woman in the opera house. Miss Flower is a farmer, and, although she only weighs 84 pounds, she accomplishes as much work as any able-bodied man. While at work she wears a close fitting jacket, pantaloons and kilts. While plowing, chopping wood, etc., she tucks her pantaloons in her high boots. This costume is not a fad with Miss Flower, but was adopted for convenience while engaged in her farm duties, and she advocates such a costume for young girls especially.

Queen Ranavalona's Gown.

That a queen needs costly raiment is a conclusion every one will admit, but that she should have it even if the money to pay for it is raised by public subscription is another matter. Queen Ranavalona, not so long ago ruler of Madagascar and whose permanent residence is in Algiers, was permitted by the French government to visit Paris for a few weeks. One day madame the queen came across a black satin gown in one of the shops. It was a beautiful creation, but out thing stood in the way of its passing into her possession, and that was the lack of money to purchase it. The antiminsterial faction heard of her sad plight and started a subscription to purchase the pretty dress for Ranavalona. Deputies, councilors and ordinary citizens contributed. The gown was presented to the queen, and if the government was annoyed madame at least was pleased. —Harper's Weekly.

Shopping Hints.

The woman who goes frequently picknicking should lay in a stock of aluminum spoons.

Water colors are best framed in hard wood of a natural dark green or old oak shade.

To whiten the hands use a lotion made of two ounces each of lemon juice, bay rum and rosewater.

A late innovation in carpet sweepers is one that has a plate glass top.

It is a very reckless dandy who wears a plume laden Gainsborough hat to the seashore.

Black and white striped silk is fashionable again and is considered especially modish as a trimming on linen gowns.

Shirt waists and separate skirts are not so much seen, dresses all of one color being more popular.

Women Drug Clerks.

It is a fact not generally known that there are nearly 400 women pharmacists in the United States. One of the largest apothecary establishments in New England employs women almost exclusively, giving them precedence over men and assigning as the reason therefor that women can be depended on, or, to use the language of the head of the concern, "no big heads, no mistakes, hence no suits for damages, as the result of careless reading of prescriptions." Many manufacturing chemists employ women in different capacities.

A "Lucy Stone Room."

Mrs. Mary B. Whiting and her daughters, Anna M. and Susan A. Whiting, have given \$100 apiece to open and furnish a "Lucy Stone room" as a reading room in the girls' dormitory of Lincoln Memorial university at Cumberland Gap, Tenn. Gifts of books, good pictures or additional furnishings or the money to provide them may be sent to Miss Susan Whiting, who says, "No one ever worked harder for an education than Lucy Stone, and no one better deserves such a memorial."

An English Idea.

A women writers' club of England has introduced a new idea at its dinners. It is the fashion for every one present to pin her name card, daintily hung on a slender ribbon attached to a safety pin, to her bodice, so that any one in the room can see her name. This is sufficient introduction for two women to make themselves known to each other.

Now IS THE TIME

when business is dull to lay plans for the coming busy season. Do not delay till you see signs of getting busy. Begin now by sending out your printed matter and letting your customers know you are alive.

We are Ready

to give you just the kind of printing to draw trade. A postal, or call Telephone 301-2 Arlington, will bring us and we will talk the matter over to our mutual benefit.

Calendars for 1902.

We are showing the finest line of calendars ever exhibited in town and can make it an object for the local business men to obtain them right at home. Call and see them, or let us come and show them to you at your convenience. We are booking orders now for December delivery.

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COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Middlesex, ss. Probate Court. To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, creditors, and all other persons interested in the estate of Michael McCaskill, who died in Arlington, in said County of Middlesex, intestate, leaving estate in said County of Middlesex to be administered, and not leaving a known widow or heir in this Commonwealth:

Whereas, a petition has been presented to said Court to grant letters of administration on the estate of said deceased to Frederick W. Dallinger, public administrator in and for said County of Middlesex:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be held at Cambridge, in said County of Middlesex, on the third day of September, A.D. 1901, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be granted.

And the said public administrator is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Arlington Enterprise, a newspaper published in Arlington, the last publication to be one day at least before said Court.

Witness, Charles J. McIntire, Esquire, First Judge of said Court, this seventh day of August, in the year one thousand and nine hundred and one.

W. E. ROGERS, Ass't. Register.

A MAN'S CLOTHES.

An Authoritative Talk About Dress For Various Occasions.

"The most formal dress a man wears is his evening clothes," says Mr. Fritz Williams in the New York Herald, "and these should be perfectly simple, displaying no jewelry except studs and buttons, and showing no color to destroy the harmony of the black and white combination. Studs should never be anything but pearls and the ordinary little buttons, three for 50 cents.



BLUE AND WHITE FLANNEL. COOL GRAY HOMES-SPUN.

do very well. The crush hat is a part of the uniform, though the silk one may be worn. Watch and key chains should be hidden from view.

"The tuxedo coat belongs to the club and perhaps informally at home. With this coat a derby or a straw hat may be worn and, of course, the small black tie. Except with evening clothes the small tie is always undress.

"The black frock coat is the formal afternoon dress, while the gray one may be worn on other occasions, though we could hardly call it informal. At weddings and receptions and wherever ladies are to be the black frock, closely buttoned up, is the correct thing.

"Trousers with this coat are of black, showing an indistinct stripe. With the gray frock coat, which has trousers of the same material, a fancy waistcoat is permissible. Colored shirts do not belong to the frock coat and neither do turnover collars. These both mark the informal dress.

"With morning dress more liberty is allowed, and a man may indulge his fancy for colored shirts, handkerchiefs and ties, though these should be neat and smart. The suit made of loosely woven material, such as homespun, is coolest and most comfortable, two important qualifications. Square cut coats are smartest. With this morning suit go a soft felt hat, usually a fedora, and perhaps a white canvas waistcoat.

"I believe the walking stick belongs to afternoon clothes, though it may be carried at any time. A man doesn't want a stick when going to business, and if he has on evening clothes he wants nothing that will be in his way. The plain wooden stick is not carried. The correct one shows a little ornamentation, never of gold, for young men.

"There is only one yachting dress, but for outing a man may choose whatever he likes. Flannels, however, are by far the most comfortable to wear. White trousers showing a fine dark stripe, a blue coat striped with gray or white and a shirt with a soft plaited bosom are good form. Plaited bosoms, by the way, should always be soft.

"Shoes may be white or tan, generally the latter, and a good hat is the straw alpene. One should observe the same rule with the outing suit as with evening clothes—keep it harmonious and confined to two colors. Blue and white or black and white are excellent combinations, though, as the latter obviously belong to evening dress, it is better to choose the former. Blue is a color universally becoming, and its combination with white produces a particularly cool and fresh effect.

"I mention the alpene hat because the shape suits nearly all men, just as most women find it becoming.

"Trousers of the outing suit should be made with straps at the waist, through which may be slipped a plain leather belt, one not too narrow. This belt must fit snugly around the top, allowing none of the trousers to show above it. In this way the waist assumes the desired trim look. A good idea is to get the belt first and have the loops on the trousers made to fit it exactly.

The cuts from the journal mentioned show a smart outing suit of blue and white flannel and a panama hat and a cool looking morning suit of gray homespun, with gray felt hat and white canvas waistcoat.

Fashions and Fancies.

Costly silver toned chiming bells are beginning to be a fad for the extensive estates of wealthy people.

A popular hat is a sailor with a rolled up brim trimmed around with wild flowers, with a bow of black velvet ribbon on the left side falling over the hair.

There is nothing particularly novel about the combination of white dotted muslin and narrow black velvet ribbon, but it is certainly most charming.

Black and white striped silk is fashionable again and is considered especially modish as a trimming on linen gowns.

Mercerized linen in pale pink, blue and green makes charming morning gowns, tucked in groups all around the skirt above a shaped sounce headed and finished with a stitched band.

Lawns, dimities and even gingham have a place on the list of summer day gowns.

THE LIFE OF WATCHES.

Influences and Conditions That Affect Behavior of All Timepieces.

"Watches," said the jeweler as he screwed a little glass into one eye and squinted into a case of wheels, "are like human beings in many ways. They are delicate, they run well only when in perfect order, and they require attention once so often, whether they stop or not. They become sick, in a way, as we do, and they get off their balance. But, unlike us, when their mainspring breaks they are not necessarily done for unless in another world. They can have new mainsprings. We can't.

"Watches, all jokes aside, are really almost human sometimes. They take cold readily. Never lay a watch on a cold marble table or near an open window all night after you have worn it next to your warm body all day. It will contract a sort of pneumonia, and ten to one it will stop before long if the practice is continued. The cold contracts the metal pivots, which, small as they are, must not be smaller, and they shrink. Thus the wheels cannot move.

"Watches are magnetized, too, by the persons who wear them. I have seen the statement that watches vary in time keeping with the health of the wearer and that if changed from one person to another they will also show slight variations. All of that is true. The static electricity of a person may affect a watch. All of us throw this off—some more than others. Dark persons give off more than light ones do and a dark woman more than any one else. Dark women should have rubber cases for their watches if they wish to have them keep perfect time.

"Never lay a watch flat at night after it has been worn in a vertical position all day. It throws it off its base, so to speak. If the pivots be worn, the wheels will not run level.

"A sudden jar will stop a watch, which runs regularly at that—such a jar as getting on or off a car suddenly. The hairspring's catching does this. The jolt comes at the exact fraction of a second when the spring is in a position to catch. This occurs at infrequent intervals, as may be readily imagined. A watch should be fed or oiled every 18 months, even if running in the best of time. The oil dries in that time, and the wheels are likely to wear one another.

"All jewelers examine watches in the same way. It seems to be a tradition of the craft. First, a man will look at the hands, as I have been doing. If they are not caught, they will take out the balance wheel and examine the pin and the pivots, which you see here. Sometimes I do not find the trouble for days. The hardest thing to detect is a slight 'bur' on one of the wheels. This may throw the entire watch out of gear.

"Now, I will wind this watch of yours and show you that all the trouble with it is that it is run down. Unusual? Oh, no. That frequently happens. Some one is in here every day with an unwound watch, thinking that it is out of kilter because it will not run. They forget to wind it and are afraid to do it over again. Women are our best customers in that line. Of course I could get \$1 for this, but the talk will answer.

"Now, when you go home wind your watch in the morning; no, not at bedtime, but when you get up. That gives it the full spring to work on during the day, when the jars and jolts are more numerous, and hold your watch still when you wind it and wind the key. That's all; try that."

And the jeweler handed back the watch, running beautifully. — Kansas City Journal.

Chinese Uses of Flour.

Throughout central and southern China very little baked bread is used, and the flour is consumed in the form of dough, vermicelli or dumplings filled with chopped meat or meat and vegetables or fruit.

The flour is made into dough and worked into a leathery form by a man operating a bamboo fastened at one end. The worker sits on the other end of the bamboo and presses and works the dough until it is quite tough. It is then pressed into thin sheets and cut into strings, boiled and thus eaten or made into dumplings and then steamed and eaten. In nearly every case it is eaten while hot. This flour is also used quite extensively in cakes and Chinese confections of various kinds.

In a great many of the restaurants the native flour made from native wheat is used for the inside of the dumpling and dough bread, and the finer and whiter flour is used as a covering.

The Chinese appetite seems to demand boiled or steamed food rather than baked. Hence very little foreign flour is baked into bread for Chinese consumption.

Cooking Your Goose.

The phrase, "I'll cook your goose for you," originated in this manner: Eric, king of Sweden, coming to a certain town, besieged it, but, having few soldiers, was obliged to desist. The inhabitants in derision hung out from the walls a goose on a pole. Later Eric returned with reinforcements and in reply to the challenge of the heralds observed that he had come "to cook their goose for them" and proceeded to storm the town and make it hot for the inhabitants.

A Nine Days' Wonder.

To say that a thing is a "nine days' wonder" means that we regard it as a wonder for nine days, and then our eyes are opened to the fact that it is no wonder at all. This saying is based on the fact that kittens and puppies are born blind, and their eyes open at the end of nine days, and implies that people are blind with astonishment for nine days, and then their eyes open and they are undeceived.

FIRST LADY OF CALIFORNIA.

Charming Wife of the Chief Executive of the Golden State.

Francesca Raines Gage, wife of Governor Henry T. Gage of California, is a native daughter of the Golden State. On her mother's side she is descended from one of the most prominent families of the early Spanish settlers of Los Angeles. Her father was one of the American pioneers of California. Like many others of the argonauts, he married one of the handsome señoritas for whom the province of California



MRS. HENRY T. GAGE.

was noted when it was still a dependency of Mexico. This commingling of Anglo-Saxon and Spanish blood has produced women of a beautiful type, of which Mrs. Gage is a fair specimen.

Mrs. Gage was born on her father's ranch near Los Angeles about 40 years ago. She spent her girlhood in the city of Los Angeles and vicinity and was educated in the public and private schools of Los Angeles county. When scarcely out of her teens, she met and became affianced to Henry T. Gage, who was then a youthful member of the Los Angeles bar, with his fortune yet to make. Their marriage resulted after a short courtship, and the union proved a most happy one. Mr. Gage gradually rose to eminence in his profession and accumulated considerable property. Governor and Mrs. Gage have two children, a son aged 15, who is an invalid as the result of an injury received while playing, and a charming little girl, Lucille, aged 8, who is the pride and joy of the executive mansion.

A Summer Luxury.

There is no more potent beautifier known than the Turkish bath, and, taken with moderation, it is productive only of beneficial results. Unfortunately, a large class of persons whose slender purses will not permit the necessary expenditure are deprived of not only a positive enjoyment, but a decided benefit, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Could its therapeutic value be more widely known possibly tired and nervous humanity would spend less in tonics and more in the indulgence of what is erroneously regarded as but a luxury for the classes, but which, by liberal patronage, should be brought within the limit where it would become a necessity for the masses. "Cleanliness is next to godliness." The consummate purity and cleanliness of person which results from a Turkish bath produces a lightness and elasticity as well as a state of mental and moral purification which makes one feel "a little lower than the angels."

Women in Medicine.

A significant step in the progress of woman in the medical profession is her admission to the British Gynecologic society. The council of this organization distributed a circular letter among the fellows to ascertain whether or not they were adverse to the admission of women into its ranks. Of the 328 fellows 172 replied that they were in favor of welcoming women, 55 were opposed to the proposal, 3 were indefinite, and 98 did not reply. In consideration of this result the council passed a resolution in favor of welcoming women practitioners into the society provided any of them may be duly elected fellows. The Obstetrical Society of Edinburgh has for some time admitted women into its ranks. England has been a little behind America in according to woman her full rights and privileges in these associations.—American Medicine.

How Mrs. Palmer Escaped.

Mrs. Potter Palmer of Chicago, while in New York city recently, found her portrait on the advertising literature of a new face powder. She wrote to the firm, telling it if the picture was not removed she would sue. She received this terse reply: "We advertised for a photograph and the name of the best known American woman except Mrs. McKinley. The majority of the names sent in was yours. If you sue us, we will get more than any damages we would have to pay you in free advertising by being sued by the 'best known American woman.'" Mrs. Palmer was saved the solution of a vexing question by the failure of the firm.—New York Times.

Not Up In Cooking Flang.

When on one of the recent hot days the lady of the house sent her maid out to do the marketing, she admonished her to get everything fresh and said:

"Now, Mary, get some string beans. Break one of them to see if they are fresh and get two pounds of tripe and pinch the tripe."

Mary looked indignant and then blurted out:

"Sure, I wasn't brought up that way, ma'am, and if you want anything pinched you'll have to go out and do it yourself."—New York Times.

THE ENTERPRISE.

WILSON PALMER, Editor.
Telephone 301-2.

[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, August 24, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN ARLINGTON BY:

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Edward I. McKenzie, B. & M. station, Heights.

THAT BONNET.

That bonnet for the horse during the heated term is an exhibition of intelligent, Christian kindness; but how abject that cruel barbed wire fence which is put about the home pasture for the express purpose of painfully wounding and even killing if need be this noble bonneted animal, should he attempt to make his way into the cultivated fields? Why should we care to save the horse from the heat of the summer time, only to be stabbed to death during the whole year round if he should attempt to enter the cornfield?

This barbed wire fence is an accused piece of barbarism. We don't want to hear that man at his morning family devotions who will put about field or pasture this cruel invention for the discomfort and slaughter of animal life. We wouldn't give a fig for that religion which does not take into kindly consideration in every way the comfort and safety of the entire animal creation.

HOME WEEK.

"Home week" is being observed in three of the New England states with a greater zest than heretofore. It was only the other day that one hundred and twenty-five of the solid business men of Boston, Vermonters by birth, went back to their native state to help celebrate and join in this annual coming together of the children. Maine and New Hampshire are also keeping open house for the absent boys and girls. So long as the home is kept intact and held in loving reverence, there can be little or no danger coming either to the individual or to the state. The first organized life of which we read is that of the home, and this God himself instituted. The scriptural reading is: "Male and female created He them, and He called their name Adam." The entire oneness of the household is shown in that the same name was given to both the male and the female. It doesn't so much matter what exciting political differences shall come into our American life, so long as the home shall enter into it as a ruling factor.

This annual coming together of the children under the paternal roof is a warranty of our future as a country. Both the public school and the church will do their work so long as the home shall survive and thus make sure domestic life. Home work is a worthy tribute of affection and love to "Home, sweet home."

DON'T TELL ANYONE.

The above is the devil's own saying, for he knows the moment this "don't tell anyone" is enjoined upon the friend, in a confidential way, the first thing that friend will do is to retail the scandal, or whatever else it may be, at the sewing circle and at the church door of a Sunday morning before the religious services begin. "Do tell," and "did you ever," and "don't tell anybody" are arrows which pierce to kill. That man is the meanest and most contemptible of cowards who will lie in ambush and shoot his best friend; and that woman is to be despised and shunned above all others who will peddle gossip and spin street yarns, pretending all the while to be actuated by a holy, religious zeal. These hypocrites are to be found in every community, and they the more frequently find their way into our churches and there occupy the front seats. They will stand on the corner of the street and make long prayers, "Thanking God all the while that they are not like others."

Whenever a secret has been told you, with the injunction that you tell no one, you may be sure that some friend has been betrayed, and you may feel just as sure that the betrayer will prove false to you on the first occasion that arises. Run with lightning speed from your "don't tell anybody," and your "don't say so," and "did you ever?" Give us that man and woman who have no confidences to scatter broadcast.

"HURRY UP."

That man is seldom or never found who has not been compelled once and over again to impatiently exclaim to his wife or other, "Do hurry up or otherwise we shall be late."

As much as we love womankind, we must nevertheless accept the fact and state it in bald English that, as a rule, a woman is never ready at the appointed hour. As near as she may come to being ready, there is still that annoying last thing to do. It is oftentimes to find her one missing glove, or it may be to spend an extra five minutes in buttoning her gloves, or as it is not infrequently happens, a longer or shorter delay is made in more carefully adjusting her hat, or in arranging her hair, and so on through the entire list of extra fixings preparatory to starting out with her good husband or "best fellow." "Wait a minute" is the cry of the coming woman. No wonder that we men get out of all patience and oftentimes forget our Christian vows, while waiting for the woman we love best. Why not hurry up, "dear one," and so keep the man of the house in good nature? Why not be ready at the appointed hour to take the arm of your gallant and so be off on time? But then, man has always waited for woman, and what is more, disagreeable as it may be, he will continue to wait a good deal satisfied if she will only come at last. Adam had to wait until the morning before he found his Eve by his side, and so we, as sons of the first Adam, must, we suppose, bide our time before woman will put in her appearance. Well, it pays after all to wait for the "gentler sex."

THOSE THREE BROTHERS.

It is one of the most remarkable facts in all history that the Americans can trace back our ancestry to those "three" historic brothers who came over the waters so many years ago, and settled in different parts of the country. Mind you that it is in every instance just three brothers, no more nor less. There must have been in those earlier days some mathematical law observed in the creation of man, which has now become obsolete in these latter days. And yet this wonderful historic affirmation of the "three brothers" is without foundation in fact. History will lie and does lie more or less frequently, as the case may require. The three brother story has been told so often that we have all come to believe it true. And yet it is unquestionably a myth. It is, of course, true that somebody came over from across the then "dreary waste of waters," and that as a consequence a sequence was here. But it is absolutely wicked and moreover a scandal to make those three brothers father more than seventy millions of American men and women. During the past week the "Batches" held their family reunion in Vermont, and their progenitors, the three brothers, came in for their meed of filial love. It is only a year or two ago that the "Palmer" did the same thing, and now we learn that the "Sagraves" are arranging for an early date when they shall sing praises to the triple brothers, and so it goes through our entire American family life. O, how we do pity those "three brothers." Their burden is greater than they can well bear.

WHY DO IT?

Why should one lumber himself down and fret himself well nigh to death with useless baggage while on his summer vacation? A teacher in the Friends' college at Providence, R. I., once told us that the most enjoyable visit he ever made across the waters was that without any especial preparation made for it. "Why," said he, "I didn't give my trip hardly an hour's previous thought before starting on the journey. I just packed my grip-sack and went, not standing on the order of my going," and then he added, "What a delightful time I had in making England, Scotland and Italy, without a trunk to check!" The truth is, the most of us make hard, anxious work out of what should be our most enjoyable pleasures. Many a man and especially many a woman come home from their summer outing more completely worn out than when they started on their vacation. An open house for friends either at the shore or at the mountains means, for the mistress of the house, the hardest kind of work. Rest, such as recuperates, can only come to one who is in a large way free from care and anxiety. If one is to be continually planning how they may entertain during the summer vacation, then much the wiser thing to do is to stay at home. The term "vacation" carries its own derivative meaning. To vacate, is to take yourself apart from the crowd. You must not be weighed down during what should be your leisure days, with lots of baggage. Just pack your grip-sack and go, leaving orders at your post-office that no mail be sent you during your absence from home. Rest is what you need, and this you cannot have in your "glad vacation time" if your latch string hangs out for the pull of your many summer friends. Hie away and don't tell anyone where you are going, and by all means leave your trunk at home.

THE SENATORSHIP.

Some interest is being felt in the third Middlesex senatorial district, composed of Somerville, Arlington and Belmont, over the succession to the seat of Hon. Franklin E. Huntress, who has served the customary two years and will not be a candidate for re-election. It is the general impression that the voters will select Horace W. White of ward 1, Somerville, who served in the house four years and in 1900 was chairman of the committee on metropolitan affairs.

The one burning issue in Somerville and Cambridge is the proposed boulevard to connect the northern and southern metropolitan park systems, and probably no one in the district is better acquainted with matters of that nature than Dr. White. He secured the appropriation of \$10,000 for the survey of the proposed boulevard, and he has kept thoroughly in touch with metropolitan matters to date.

Were Dr. White not in the field Representative William L. Barber, a member of the committee on metropolitan affairs, might be a candidate, but Mr. Barber declined to oppose Dr. White and will be returned to the house if he cares to be. The chief opponent of Dr. White is ex-Representative Leonard B. Chandler of ward 5, Somerville, who served three terms in the house, ending in 1889, and rendered Speaker Bates yeoman service, and probably no one is better qualified to move the previous question.

Mr. Chandler made an active campaign for a place in the executive council to succeed Oliver H. Durrell, but the legislators preferred Henry D. Yerxa, and Mr. Chandler is now displaying the same political agility he exhibited in that contest. Ex-Representative Joseph J. Giles of ward 2, Somerville, is, as usual, a candidate for senator, this time upon a "boulevard issue" which is understood to relate to the route which the proposed parkway shall take.

A fourth (contingent) candidate is Representative J. Howell Crosby of Arlington, who doubtless will have the Arlington and Belmont delegations if he needs them, but whose very chance would appear to exist in the possibility that the convention will be unable to decide between Dr. White and Mr. Chandler.

These towns are entitled to six and three delegates respectively, one more for Arlington than last year. Arlington has, in fact, as many delegates as any ward of Somerville except 3 and 7, and more than either ward 1 or 2. The representation in the senatorial convention will be as follows:

Arlington	6
Belmont	3
Somerville	3
Ward 1	5
Ward 2	5
Ward 3	5
Ward 4	5
Ward 5	5
Ward 6	5
Ward 7	7
Total	43

Should Mr. Crosby not enter the senatorial contest he would go back to the house.—Transcript.



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BY FOUR GENERATIONS.

Stage Driving Hereditary in New Hampshire—Rain Continues to Follow the Editor—Notes and Anecdotes.

Whiteface, N. H., Aug. 13, 1901.
Dear Enterprise:—A dull, cloudy morning and the mountains are lost to view so that we do not feel at our best as the line of letter writing, and yet these weekly communications must not fail, even for once, for we promised our readers before making our exit from Arlington that no issue of the Enterprise should make its appearance without our bow. So rain or shine, or whether these mountains come to us with their good cheer and inspiration or not, we must write all the same. And first of all we are to tell you, dear Enterprise, something about four generations of stage drivers who for a hundred years have made their way up and down these mountainous hills, conveying their precious freight of humanity safely to various points of destination. Samuel Gilman long ago deceased opened the stage line somewhere about the year 1800, from this town of Sandwich to Dover, N. H., and for years drove over the route with that regularity and care that distinguished him throughout all New England as one who always got his passengers there on time. A man genial in his nature and possessed of a rare fund of anecdote, Mr. Gilman never failed to entertain. It was his boast that he had more than once had Daniel Webster, Rufus Choate and others of like intellectual caliber as passengers. It will be remembered that Webster and Choate were the most intimate of friends and were in each other's company as frequently as possible—each admiring the other though in many ways they were greatly unlike. Webster was passionately fond of out door life; he loved the streams and the wood and the farm, and was never happier than when with his cattle on his farm at Marshfield. It is told of Webster how he delighted, when home from Washington, to arise in the morning and go to his barn to feed corn to his cattle. It was during one of his winter vacations from his cares of state, as the story has it, that he called his son Fletcher that he might, early on a frosty winter morning, help his father feed his cattle. Fletcher, however, had shattering teeth and with his hands in his pockets said, "My son, I fear you do not enjoy these cattle," and Fletcher replying, "I think father, I do not," the father at once said, "You ought to enjoy them, for they are better than a companionable company than I get in Washington."

Now Rufus Choate was very unlike all this. While Webster loved the early morning, looking after his cattle and horses and pigs, Choate all this while would be reading his favorite Greek authors. We heard the late Prof. E. D. Sanborn, of Dartmouth college, at one time relate how Choate, being a guest of Webster, at his home in Marshfield, he (Webster) rapped early one morning at Choate's door and asked him if he was up when the reply came, "Yes." "What are you doing," asked Webster. "Reading Homer," was the answer. When Webster said, "O, what a fool you are, Choate, to be reading that antiquated Greek author when you might better be in the company of my pigs and hogs and cattle," "Drop your Homer, Rufus," he added, "and come to the barn with me." Now, Mr. Enterprise, don't think this an unpardonable digression, for it is the most natural of all things that we should tell you something of the distinguished passengers that Mr. Gilman took over his stage line years ago. After the veteran Samuel Gilman laid down the reins, then his son, Charles, took the reins in his own hands, and then followed Charles Gilman, Jr., who at present drives from North Sandwich to West Ossipee, while his son Charles drives from Centre Sandwich to Meredith, making in all the four generations on the public highway as stage drivers. It is with Charles Gilman, Jr., that we have especially to do in this letter, for it was only the other morning that we were one of his passengers. Mr. Gilman, as was his grandfather before him, is a genial man, and what is better than all else he talks to the point. The morning of our ride with him was one of drenching rain, but this did not in any way disturb his good nature and equanimity. Our ride to West Ossipee covered a distance of fifteen miles, so during our two hours behind horses' feet of foot, we discussed many a subject. Mr. Gilman carried the United States mail, so that we made two stops on the way to leave and take aboard additional mail. The first stop was made at South Tisbury, and the second stop at Whittier postoffice, taking its name from the Quaker poet, John G. Whittier, who was such a devoted lover of all this region. How nobly Whittier saw the best there was in everything! And step by step, since time began, I see the steady gain of man."

So he sang.
Whatever else falls in this world of many disappointments, the going and coming of the mail seldom or never fails. It is bound to be delivered on time, independent of the weather. So important a work is the conveying of the mail that were the mail carrier suspected of whatever crime, of murder even, he could not be arrested until he had delivered his mail. We were on our way to West Ossipee in conversation with our good-natured and interesting driver on many a subject, among which was that more serious one of "what after death." We found Mr. Gilman our guide, a little skeptical about "the hereafter," and to our query, "Where do you suppose we shall go when we die?" he replied, "I suppose nothing other than that we shall go into the ground," and then he added, "If someone could only return from the other side, if there be any other spirit world, we would help us a wonderful bit." And so our talk ended of the "great unknown," just where such talk always must end, namely, in the unknown.

How we all of us become allied to our individual work in life! The minister of long standing would be lost without his pulpit, and the lawyer without his briefs, and so on through the varied professions and occupations. So naturally enough our driver said to us that he would feel ill at ease without his stage route. That man is a success in life who can do one thing and do it well. It doesn't matter what that one thing may be, provided that it is legitimate work. Horace Mann says: "There is nothing derogatory in an employment that ministers to the well being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it. The ploughman who turns the clod may be a Cincinnati or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod he turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yard stick and measure tape—the only discredit being in having a soul as short as the stick and as narrow as the tape." And so our stage driver, Charles Gilman, Jr., is making a success of life, because he is proving himself a man behind his horses, whose heart is in his work, and it is with becoming pride that he tells of his four generations of Gilmans holding the ship.

And so our morning ride to West Ossipee in that deluge of rain made emphatic the thought that all "callings" in life are alike honorable, provided we have received and accepted the "call" in good faith and pursue it with our honest purpose. It is somewhere told how an English officer once said to an American prisoner of war, "If you remember me to my father's boots." Whereupon the prisoner asked, "Didn't I black them well?" "A manly question, asked by a manly man."

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

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Some idea of the multitude of bacteria in food may be gained from the fact that the milk commission appointed by the New York Medical society certifies to the purity of milk if it contains less than 30,000 bacteria to the cubic centimetre. That seems a good deal to swallow, but it must be remembered that many bacteria are harmless.

One of the "clues" followed by the detectives in the Blondin case was found in the fact that a man was heard to say frequently in his sleep, "I am caught." If all the people who go to sleep with that fear in their minds were relatives of Blondin, he would be a member of a large family.

The political question in South Carolina seems to be whether Senator McLaurin disagrees with his party or whether the party disagrees with him. Really it makes no difference, but they are having a hot fight over it, just the same.

One of the co-operative insurance orders which as heretofore excluded bartenders has voted to admit them, but charges them an extra premium, as "hazardous" risks. Not half as hazardous as their customers, however.

There is sadness in the eyes of some of the vacation girls, as they see the cold weather approaching, and realize that they must soon cover those brown arms, tanned at so great pains.

The new crop of lawyers, this year, is very large. There is some doubt whether there will be clients enough to go around.

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[Entered as Second-Class Matter.]

Saturday, August 24, 1901.

THE ENTERPRISE IS FOR SALE IN LEXINGTON BY:

H. V. Smith, Lexington.
L. A. Austin, P. O., East Lexington.
W. L. Burrill, P. O., North Lexington.

Some three weeks ago a domestic employed at the winning farm, in Woburn, was taken sick, and a Lexington physician was visited for treatment. The doctor took a culture from the woman's throat, sent it to the state board of health, who reported a case of diphtheria. The doctor, thinking the farm, which is a few feet over the Woburn line, was in Lexington, ordered the children away from the place, and sent word to the Lexington board of health to fumigate it. When the process of fumigation was over it was learned that the house was in Woburn and the bill for the expense was sent to that city.

As the Lexington physicians and members of the board of health have other duties to attend to than look up the boundary lines of the town, it was not surprising they made the mistake of going a few feet over the line, but the Woburn News in its last week's editorial columns would make it appear that the Lexington parties had committed a grievous offense in acting as they did. The article runs over nearly half a column, and has the marks of an inspiration by the Woburn board of health, who seem to be terribly broken up because they lost a fee out of it. The Woburn people appear to feel the loss keenly and will not be comforted. In behalf of the Lexington officials we beg a thousand pardons for the intrusion on Woburn soil, although since Woburn people send to Lexington for first class medical skill, it might be a good plan to take the services of the board of health also, so as to have the whole business done in a reliable manner.

North Lexington.

Box 39 was rung in Tuesday for a fire in a hen house owned by Frank Conatus. There was considerable excitement owing to loss of life. One hen is known to have perished in the conflagration. The damage to the house would not exceed \$20.

W. L. Burrill and Charles Johnson have been on the sick list for a few days.

Frank Gleason lost a horse from lock-jaw last week. The animal had to be shot Saturday.

Miss Minerva Smith is ill with inflammatory rheumatism.

Charles Smith and George Teague have purchased the old barn owned by George Sampson and work of tearing it down and removing it has been going on for the past few days.

Miss Alice Duffy is spending two weeks at Salisbury beach.

East Lexington.

Glady's E. Thivierge, aged nine-months daughter of Arthur H. Thivierge, died Wednesday.

A valuable horse owned by R. Lockwood, of Maple street, fell to the barn floor dead Wednesday while it was being cleaned off.

A. P. Russell, who has been for several weeks in Maine, has returned, bringing with him two fine sheep.

Frank Spencer is working for R. W. Holbrook at his grocery store.

One of L. A. Austin's store horses is wearing a fine harness recently made by J. Chisholm.

A delay in the work on the highway for a few days is caused by the breaking of a piston rod of the steam roller.

Charles D. Austin, of Worcester, is visiting his brother, L. A. Austin.

The board of health has ordered the removal and renovating of several old buildings connected with the house where diphtheria has caused some anxiety for several weeks. The house has been fumigated.

Mrs. D. Johnson, with her daughters, the Misses Catherine and Gertrude, and Mrs. Ralph Johnson and family, spent Wednesday among the pleasures of Crescent beach. They report a very pleasant time.

The Follen church has been thoroughly equipped with electric lights.

A. S. MITCHELL,

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LEXINGTON

LEXINGTON LOCALS.

Rev. E. A. Horton will remain in Lexington until through September.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Champney, of Lexington, are at North Chatham for the summer.

The Hancock school will reopen for the fall term Tuesday, Sept. 3, in line with the other schools. The ventilating apparatus has been already overhauled and will be all repaired before the school opens. The heating appliances will be looked after before the weather gets too cold for the pupils to be comfortable.

J. H. Gallagher and family, after spending their vacation at E. N. Rand's cottage on the Concord river, have gone to their home in Revere, and Mr. Clifford, of East Boston, has taken the cottage for a few weeks. Both Mr. Clifford and Mr. Gallagher are well known men of the Boston Globe. Wm. Brown and Mr. Ham, from the Elevated railroad, were up to the cottage last Saturday and carried home a good string of fish.

Robert P. Clapp, Esq., and family are spending their vacation at his boyhood home in Montague, Mass., with his mother.

C. H. Miles has gone to Pigeon Cove for a week's outing.

Charles Rooke, the upholsterer and cabinet maker, has been busy of late making a number of Martha Washington tables. They are old fashioned in style, and are not only a dainty but very useful. He has sold a large number of them to Lexington people and others from out of town. He also has at his place a book case and secretary which is supposed to be over 150 years old. He is repairing it and when made over will be used for a sideboard by the party owning it.

A Boston man named Cleatell Francis, who arrived Sunday, was bicycling along the sidewalk. He reclined in the loop until Monday morning, when he was taken to court at Concord and released on probation.

Lexington caddies defeated the Concord caddies on the North Lexington links Monday. The score was: Lexington—Wisswell 5, S. Hamilton 5, M. T. Hamilton 0, Nourse 0, Fox 9, total 13; Concord—Sheehan 6, Hager 6, Hopkins 1, M. O'Neill 5, J. Varly 3, total 9. Score, 4 up.

Lexington people are still going to and coming from Oakledge, East Haverhill. Mr. Carl Lind went there Monday. Miss Edith Cox, Miss Bertha Hutchins, Miss Agnes Packard, Percy Glenn and the Misses Butterfield have returned home from there.

George H. Lowe, of Arlington, has had a number of men at work for the past three days doing a good job of concreting near the corner of Massachusetts avenue and Waltham street.

William Reynolds is soon to move into a house on Bedford street.

Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Cheney are expected to return from Nova Scotia today. They have been spending their vacation there.

Mrs. Curns, of Boston, a lady who has been stopping at the home of Isaac Curns of Lexington, just over the Lexington line, was thrown from a wagon Monday afternoon, while on her way to take a train at Lexington, and a fracture of her left wrist was the result. For some reason the horse became frightened, and Mrs. Curns, who was sitting on the back seat, was thrown to the ground, striking on her hand. The fracture was reduced by Dr. Valentine, and the lady continued her journey to Boston.

Flake Bros. have a novel method for sharpening lawn mowers. The blades are ground separately and are fastened to a machine which holds them against an emery wheel. The blade slides along over the wheel and is ground to an equal degree the entire length. It is called an automatic lawn mower sharpener and does the work of a file, only the results are more perfect.

Capt. and Mrs. James T. Davis, of Hotel Royal, Beacon street, Boston, who rented a house at an estate in Lexington, are summering at the Lancaster inn, Lancaster.

George O. Dow, who lives in the post-office block, was before the district court at Concord yesterday on a charge of assault. He waived examination and was held for the superior court under \$1000 bonds. He is 19 years old.

Dr. W. O. Perkins has returned to Lexington from Kansas where he has been for some time. He has been all over the state and into Nebraska during his absence.

Miss Clara F. McIntyre left town Tuesday to resume her position as teacher in Butler college, Irvington, Ind.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
The pulpit will be supplied Sunday by Rev. H. F. Tibbitts, of Boston.

OLD BELFRY CLUB.

Redman appears to be getting the best of the round robin tennis tournament, having defeated his nearest opponent Stone. The two men are now far ahead of all others. Redman has won from Mead, Croone and from Stone, 6-3, 6-7, 6-3. Stone has won from Turner, Mead, W. H. Ballard and Croone.

Smoke NORTHERN LIGHT Cigar

HISTORIC ESTATE.

The Old Page Mansion House in Bedford Which Has Housed Eight Generations.

Standing on the old Page farm, 100 feet north of Page road, is the ancient dwelling where eight generations of the Page family dwelt in succession during more than 200 years. This is one of the few instances where a family line has occupied and tilled the soil of the same farm for so many years.

The farm was a part of the large grant of land from the court of the province to Edward Page, and was sold by him in 1691 to George Farley and others. Farley sold the farm to Timothy Brooks, who resided on the place during the troubles attending King Philip's war, and his family were protected in Garrison No. 19, a short distance from his home. Brooks sold the farm to George Grimes, who sold

the son, Nathaniel Page, Jr., in possession. The latter was 34 years old when he came from England to the colony of Massachusetts. He married, Nov. 6, 1701, Susanna Page, who died in 1746. He then married, in 1748, Mary Grimes.

Nathaniel Page, Sr., was succeeded by Christopher Page, John Page, Nathaniel Page, Jr., Nathaniel Page, 4th, and Cyrus Page.

Cyrus Page of the seventh generation was also a farmer, and died in 1887. Cyrus A. Page of the eighth generation was the last of the Page family in possession of the old homestead.

In 1887 the remaining part of the original farm, containing over 90 acres of land, was sold to Nathan H. Daniels, a retired merchant of Boston, who took possession, and the place passed from the Page family, who had owned and occupied the old house for 270 years.

In the town clerk's office in Bedford may be seen the original bill of sale whereby Nathaniel Page sold his estate to Mr. John Page for twenty pounds in money, and six pounds in bills, in 1691.

The foundation members of the church, on July 20, 1730, were Nathaniel Page, Jr., and Christopher Page. A record of the pews in the meeting house Oct. 18, 1734, shows "Nathaniel Page's pew is on the front of the east end of the great door in the meeting house." In 1777 William Page was town treasurer, and in 1780 Christopher Page was selectman.

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and his veneration for the historical landmarks in his native state, the old house has been put in thorough repair, retaining all the ancient characteristics, enabling it to be handed down to future generations.

With the beautiful plants and great lawn kept in the best possible manner, and on the east end two great elms that have cast their shadow upon the old house for more than two centuries, one would hardly believe that neat old mansion was a relic of early colonial days.

The present owner has expended a large amount of money in laying out the front half of these 90 acres in the natural landscape style around the old and new house, planting all that nature has done so liberally for the estate, now named "Stone Acres."

Stepping directly from the highly cultivated and beautiful laying out of the front portion of the farm, one enters the northern half, where oak, walnut and pine groves stand surrounded with broad meadows, with fields of berry bushes, land, bayberry and wild ferns, a country as wild and picturesque as is found through northern New Hampshire, and here small game, such as woodchucks, quail, mink and rabbits are in abundance, as they were when King Philip's allies roamed through these same woods. The running brook, dammed for growing trout, and "Pick-wick springs," with their cold, crystal water bubbling up through the white sand, are the natural fountains of this wild and beautiful spot.

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Mr. Bryant, who played the host, is 57 years of age, on the northwest side of the old house that was burned.

Two magnificent elm trees that stood near the western end of the old house were undoubtedly standing when the old house was erected, and these trees are now from 250 to 300 years old. The largest tree, situated southwest from the new house, is 5 feet 6 inches in diameter. The other tree, on the northwest side of the new house, is 4 feet 6 inches in diameter. Both are noble specimens of the American elm.

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FRANCHISE IS SIGNED.

The franchise giving the Lexington & Boston Street Railway company the right to lay double tracks from the Arlington line to the East Lexington turn-out has been signed by the selectmen, and the terms which the selectmen required the company to submit to were signed by representative of the corporation. It is expected the company will begin operations within a few days.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Ritchie*

MOAKLEY'S PHARMACY.
Drugs and Medicines.
Chemicals, Sundries,
Choice Perfumes, Fine Soaps.
CIGARS AND SODAS.
Massachusetts Ave. and Waltham St., LEXINGTON.

R. W. BRITTON,
HAIR DRESSING ROOM
PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING. : : :
Razors Honed and Conceived.
Massachusetts Ave., Opposite Post Office,
LEXINGTON, MASS.

CHARLES ROOKE,
Upholsterer and Cabinet-Maker
CARPET and Shade Work, Mattresses
Made Over. Furniture Repaired and
Polished. Antique Furniture Repaired
and refinished same as Original. Reproduction of Antique Furniture Bought
or Taken in Exchange.
Lexington.

R. W. Holbrook,
Dealer in
Fine Groceries
IVORY Flour
a Specialty.
BRICK STORE,
Massachusetts Avenue,
EAST LEXINGTON.

Accident Insurance,
Also Health and Employers' Liability in
The MARYLAND CASUALTY CO.
F. E. DOWNER,
Office at C. T. West's, Lexington.

Mrs. J. D. Tholdeen,
DINING ROOM.
Good Home Dinner, 25¢
Transients Accommodated.
POST OFFICE BLOCK,
Mass. Ave., Lexington.

H. V. SMITH.
Periodicals, Confectionery, Cigars,
Boston and New York Newspapers
Boots, Shoes, Bicycles, Gent's Furnishings.
MASSACHUSETTS AVE.,
OPP. P. O., LEXINGTON.

As Good As New.
Carriages repaired in first-class manner.
Carriage building a specialty. Good work
in short order.
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Shop, off Depot Sq., Residence, Fluzey St.,
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(Near Keith's Theatre.)
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at regular rates.

ESTABLISHED 1864.
You can buy Lightning
and Mason Fruit Jars
extra Rubbers, and Tops
Choice Teas and Coffees.
Fancy Groceries. Also
Grain of all kinds at prices
as low as the lowest
of
C. A. BUTTERS
& CO.,
POST OFFICE BLOCK,
LEXINGTON.

LEXINGTON GRAIN MILLS.
B. C. WHITCHER, Prop.
Flour, Grain,
Hay and Straw
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.
Hay shipped direct from Michigan and
delivered at lowest market prices. Grains
are received direct from western growers
and are sold at prices which cannot be
out under.
Office, off Massachusetts Ave.,
LEXINGTON.

\$2.50 Radcliffe Shoe
FOR LADIES.
FOR SALE BY
FRANK O. NELSON,
Massachusetts Avenue,
Near Town Hall, LEXINGTON.

Accident Insurance,
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, AUG. 25.

Text of the Lesson, Gen. xlii, 1-14.
Memory Verses. 6-8—Golden Text,
Heb. xi, 17—Commentary Prepared
by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

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1. "And it came to pass after these things that God did tempt Abraham." In our last lesson we looked just a little at chapter xix concerning the destruction of Sodom and rescue of Lot. In chapter xx Abraham went to sojourn at Gerar and fell into the same sin which troubled him in Egypt and was rebuked by Abimelech. His answer in verse 11 was testimony against himself, for he should not willingly have gone where the fear of God was not. In chapter xxi we have the birth of Isaac and the casting out of Ishmael and find Abraham dwelling at Beersheba and worshipping the Lord under a new name, the everlasting God. Note in verse 6 Sarah's testimony, "God hath made me to laugh," and in verses 17 and 18 God's promise to Hagar, with His "Fear not," which is, I think, the second in the book. "God did tempt Abraham," signifies that God tried him (Heb. xi, 17), for "the Lord trieth the righteous" (Ps. xi, 5), but He will not try any one above that he is able (1 Cor. x, 13), and patience under trial will bring the crown of life (Jas. i, 12; Rev. ii, 10).

2, 3. "Offer him for a burnt offering." This from God concerning his only son, his well beloved, for whom he had waited 25 years at least. Compare xii, 4, and xxi, 5. Yet see his ready obedience, for he believed that God would raise him up even from the dead, from whence also he received him in a figure. Was ever a mortal man so tried, or did ever man come so near to God in his experience? In Israel all God's promises to Abraham centered, and if they were not fulfilled in Isaac the word of God would fail (chapter xxi, 12), a thing which could not possibly occur. Mount Moriah, where Abraham was to offer up Isaac, was the same as that whereon the temple was built by Solomon (II Chron. iii, 1), for both tabernacle and temple stood, in a figure, upon atonement, the silver sockets of the tabernacle being made from the ransom money of the people.

4, 5. "On the third day." It is to be a resurrection story, and the third day is the resurrection day whether of Jonah or Christ, whether in Gen. i or John ii, 1, or Hos. vi, 2. When He said, "Surely I come quickly," He may have thought of the 2,000 years of this present age as two days and referred to His coming again on the morning of the third day. Abraham's words to his young men, "I and the lad will go yonder and worship and come again to you," show his strong faith that in some way Isaac would be given back to him.

6, 7. "Where is the lamb for a burnt offering?" Did a sword pierce Abraham's heart as his only son asked him this question? See Isaac bearing the wood and think of the Son of God bearing the cross on which He was to suffer. See Abraham carrying the fire and the knife and remember that it is written, "It pleased the Lord to bruise Him." All that Christ suffered from His enemies must have been as nothing when compared with His agony as He cried, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" (Math. xxvii, 46). No tongue can tell, no words can describe, what it cost the Father to give Him up to die for our sins or what He suffered as our substitute.

8. "My son, God will provide Himself a lamb for a burnt offering. So they went both of them together." "Behold the Lamb of God!" said John the Baptist as he pointed Him out. The redeemed as they fall before the Lamb sing, "Thou art worthy, for Thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood," and a hundred millions of angels cry, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain" (John i, 29; Rev. v, 8, 9, 11, 12). He had been fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in due time.

9, 10. How the father's heart must have been torn as he built the altar and laid the wood upon it! But what were his feelings as he bound Isaac and laid him on the altar upon the wood and took the knife in his hand to slay his son? Who can tell but God? For no one had ever just the same fellowship with God. How deep the meaning of the words "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son," or these, "The Son of God loved me and gave Himself for me," or "His own self bare our sins in His own body," "Bruised for our iniquities!"

11, 12. "Now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from Me." Thus spake the angel of the Lord, the Son of God, the Lamb of God Himself, as He staid the uplifted arm of Abraham. He had tried His servant and had found him leaning not upon Isaac, the gift of God, but upon God Himself. We are apt to allow the good gifts of God to come between Him and us and lean upon them rather than upon Him, so that for our good He oft removes His gifts.

13. "Abraham went and took the ram and offered him up for a burnt offering in the stead of his son." As truly was Christ, the Lamb of God, offered in our stead, as our substitute, bearing our sins. There is no salvation by trying to live as He lived, for we cannot live His life except as He shall live in us, and He is not in us until we receive Him as the One who died in our stead. The redemption which God has provided begins in our experience with the forgiveness of sins, and he whose sins are not forgiven has not Christ in him.

14. "And Abraham called the name of that place Jehovah-jireh." The margin says that the name signifies "the Lord will see or provide." Since He has given for us His dearest and best, how can we think for a moment that He will withhold aught from us that will be for our good? (Ps. lxxviii, 11.) Let us adopt these words, if we have not already done so, as one of the mottoes of our daily life and glorify God by unbounded and unwavering faith in Him, withholding nothing from Him, but abandoning ourselves utterly to Him for His good pleasure, that He may glorify Himself in us. This chapter leaves Abraham dwelling at Beersheba (verse 19); in the next Sarah dies at the age of 127 and is buried in Hebron. In chapter xiv the servant of Abraham, Eliezer, obtains Rebekah from Laban as a wife for Isaac. In chapter xv Abraham dies at the age of 175 and is buried by Isaac and Ishmael beside Sarah at Hebron. The death of Ishmael is also recorded at the age of 137. Isaac is seen dwelling by the well Lahai-roi, the well of Him that liveth and seeth me (Gen. xvi, 14, margin). There let us dwell while we sojourn in these bodies

to the town of Bedford. The militia of Massachusetts were organized into three county troops in 1643, and Middlesex county had one of these troops. This banner was carried by the Middlesex troop, and is undoubtedly the oldest banner in the country.

Nathaniel Page served in what is called Queen Anne's war. Ebenezer Page and others of the family were officers and privates in the French and Indian wars. Four of the Page family fought at Concord, including Cornet Nathaniel Page. Christopher was sergeant of the minute company and Timothy was killed on White Plains, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1776. Ebenezer, William, Thomas and David served at different times during the revolution. Seven of this family were in the company of militia that marched from Bedford to Boston in the war of 1812.

Cyrus Page volunteered as captain of the militia company in the civil war for three years, or the war, and he was then 60 years of age. Grosvener A. Page served three years, and lost his left arm. John Page served three months.

Thanks to Mr. Daniels' antiquarian taste,

the town clerk's office in Bedford may be seen the original bill of sale whereby Nathaniel Page sold his estate to Mr. John Page for twenty pounds in money, and six pounds in bills, in 1691.

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FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Captive Elephants.
Elephants in captivity have been known to weep incessantly. Captivity is borne by elephants with little grace. All are restless most of the time, and some never cease to shed tears. When an elephant has been unsuccessful in an attempt to escape, it seems that his spirit is forever after downcast. Keepers of elephants under these circumstances have found that the poor brutes cry most of the time.

Elephants have always exhibited very human traits, but this one of crying brings them closer to the human family than any other attribute. An elephant weeps practically for the same cause which would make a man weep. On setting the animal free, which has been done for experiment, tear shedding immediately ceases, and the animal returns to its cheerfulness of disposition. On returning to captivity it again begins to weep.

A Small Pony.
Think of a Shetland pony so small that a little girl can pick it up and carry it about as she would a pet dog. And yet out in Guthrie Center, Ia., there is such a wee bit of a horse, and the picture represents the little maiden as she holds it in her arms. The little girl is Lulu Lemon, and the pony is



owned by her father. The pony weighed only 17 pounds at the time the picture was taken and was 14 days old. Miss Lemon is 11 years old. It is needless to say that she is very fond of her little pet.—Chicago Record.

The Magic Sword.
There is a sword of greater price than swords of princes are.
A weapon that is mightier than famed Excalibur.
Waters divide and mountains part at touch of this rare sword.
And untrod forests fall and die as fell the prophet's gourd.
All life its magic force must own; Naught can its power evade.
E'en death is sometimes thrust aside By its keen, shining blade.
He who this wondrous weapon owns Of earth may have his fill.
For nothing mortal can withstand The magic sword "I will!"
—Youth's Companion.

The Little Tumbler.
Make a figure of a man of any very light substance—the pith of the elder tree, for instance, which is soft and can be easily cut into any form. Then provide a hemispherical base of some heavy material, such as the half of a large leaden bullet, and take away all inequalities which may be on the convex part (look in your dictionaries for these hard words). Fasten the figure to the flat surface of the half bullet, and in whatever position it is placed when left to itself it will immediately rise upright.

"Vaccination Day."
Edith of Boston came home from kindergarten in a state of excitement. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "we don't have to go to school tomorrow!" "Why not?" asked mamma, smiling. "Because teacher says it's Vaccination day, when Bridget left Boston." Mamma thought a moment and then remembered that the next day was the anniversary of Evacuation day, when the British left Boston.

Camphored His Money.
For what seemed to Ned a long time he had been saving up pennies, dimes and nickels in his toy bank. At last the day came when it was opened, and there among the little heap of coins the mother found a piece of camphor. "Why, Ned," she asked, "what made you put this in your bank?" "Because," replied Ned, with earnestness, "I didn't want the moth and rust to get at my money!"

Combs of Gold and Jewels.
The most popular coiffure exhibits the hair tucked in everywhere and held with combs—combs of gold and tortoise shell and clusters of jewels, the last being set flat into the tortoise shell. Purses are jeweled, too, being mostly of the bag shape in gold chain work, and all the tops of these glitter with blue or green stones.

A Fallible Critic.
Mamma (to Ethel, 4 years old)—Ethel, dear, I wish you would play awhile with your little sister. Mildred wants you to.
Ethel (with a very superior air)—Well, I would, mamma, only Mildred is such a baby. Why, she calls the choo-choo cars the ding-dongs!—Boston Herald.

ODD LOOKING TREES.

TWISTED AND DISTORTED BY GALES FROM THE OCEAN.

A Grove on the Jersey Coast Which Presents a Curious Scene of Fantastic Confusion—Trees Twisted Into the Form of Letters.

In Japan large salaries are paid to skilled gardeners who can twist and torture trees from their normal forms of growth into the likeness of animals, boats, houses and other designs. Of late years the custom has been imported to this country and with it the oriental tree twisters. Not the most skillful of them, however, can beat nature's distorters of vegetation, the persistent winds, and the Japanese experts could learn lessons in the surprising and fantastic form of a grove of trees on the Jersey coast.

The place is aptly called Wildwood. It forms a part of an island cut off from the mainland by a narrow arm of the ocean. For centuries the gales have wrought their fierce will upon the vegetation. Although the soil seems to be largely composed of white sand, it is fertile; otherwise there would not be on the island, in the face of the almost constant winds, the luxuriant growth both of trees and lower forms of vegetable life with which it is covered.

Wild grapes are abundant, and vines are seen which are fully 8 to 12 inches thick and have in some cases so completely covered the trees that the arboreal foliage can scarcely be seen. Extending along the ground and up the trunks into the branches some of the vines look like huge snakes, and many an unsuspecting visitor has had a shock by coming into contact with their swaying sinuities in the shady nooks of the place.

The trees themselves have assumed some very odd forms. For instance, there are two which are very similar to the letter "W" and have been called "W" trees by the natives.

In the middle of this curious grove is a lagoon or pond, on the banks of which is one of the oddest formations of the grove. This is a pine tree, which is still growing, in spite of disadvantages. The trunk has been twisted around so as to form the figure 8 from one point of view and the letter O looking at it from another point, while one of the branches or arms at the left forms the head of a snake, including the curve in the neck. The front view of the snake is startlingly realistic, the head being of the true flat topped, venomous type and the posture characteristically viperine. The tree is evidently very old, as indicated by the trunk, and will probably be dead in a few years, as its foliage is scant and confined to a few small, irregular boughs. The mystery is why it did not die before, distorted as it is.

In the center of Wildwood is a pavilion where refreshments are served to visitors. The principal support of this pavilion is formed by a tree which passes through the center and out of the roof. Its branches form an excellent protection from the sun in summer, while the roof girders are fastened into it in place of the usual posts.

All these freak trees are located about a mile from the highway on the banks of what is known as Grassy sound. They form a grove about a mile long and a half mile in width. In the entire lot scarcely one can be found which grows like an ordinary tree. The various species include holly, birch, pine, cherry, ash and cedar. Some of the cedars still giving out leaves have not a particle of bark upon their trunks from the ground to the first branches. The winter gales have stripped the covering.

Experts who have examined them say that many of the trees are undoubtedly several centuries old. The action of the wind upon the branches has twisted them into every conceivable fashion, so that it is hard to tell where one branch begins and another ends. In several parts of the grove different kinds of trees have grown together, such as fir and holly and cherry and ash. The growth is generally formed by a limb from one being bent against the other, as shown in the case of the N tree remaining in that place while it gradually made a cleft for itself.

It is quite common for two trees of the same variety to grow together, but the joining of the different varieties, as shown here, is a problem which the experts have not yet been able to solve, especially where some of the limbs grow from one tree directly into the trunk of another and have not been forced against the outside. A number of examples of this form of growth are also to be seen.

The owner of the grove has cut out some of the most striking distortions of the trees which have died. One represents a harp without strings, while another is in the form of a triangle, and another seems to be modeled from a water pitcher.—Washington Star.

Don't Be Selfish.
It is a great satisfaction at the close of life to be able to look back on the years that are past and to feel that you have lived not for yourself alone, but that you have been useful to others. You may be assured also that the same feeling is a source of comfort and happiness at any period of life. Nothing in this world is so good as usefulness. It binds your fellow creatures to you and you to them, it tends to the improvement of your own character, and it gives you a real importance in society much beyond what any artificial station can bestow.—Selected.

Porcupine Quills.
About 2,000,000 porcupine quills are imported yearly into England from India, with a few from Spain, the quills upon each "spike pig" being worth \$2.50. The quills are used for penholders, floats for anglers, fans, ornamental screens and many other fancy articles.

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School of Music,

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Tonics, Soda, Fruit.

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Small Wares

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CHOICE MEATS,

FRESH VEGETABLES,

CREAMY BUTTER,

FRUITS.

12 Pleasant Street, Arlington.

"It's Cheaper to Move

than Pay Rent."

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F. R. DANIELS,

606 Mass. Avenue, Arlington.

Hats, Caps,

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Furnishing Goods,

Periodicals,

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J. J. TOOMEY,

Fashionable Hairdresser.

Pompadour and Children's Hair-cutting

a Specialty. Razors Honed and Re-

conveyed.

HUNT BLOCK, MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE

ALEXANDER BEATON,

Contractor and Builder

PARK AVENUE,

Arlington Heights.

J. J. LOFTUS,

Custom Tailor.

SPRING STYLES.

Ladies' and Gent's Clothing Cleaned, Dyed, Re-

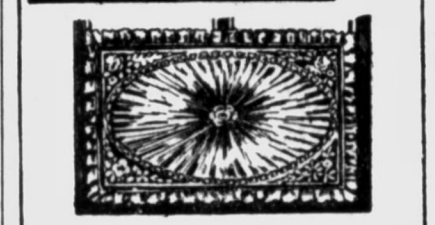
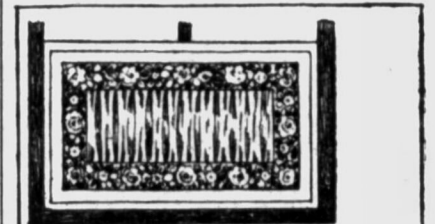
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612 MASS. AVENUE, ARLINGTON.

SUMMER DRAPERIES.

Some Suggestions For Artistic Window Sash Curtains.

The draperies in the accompanying illustrations are all intended to be made up in muslin or silk and will form a very pleasant contrast to the rather trite and wornout patterns now in use. Beyond a piece of simple muslin or muslin plaited many people seem to be without ideas on this important subject, and important it is, for the first impression of any house is derived from a glance at the windows. A very pretty idea is given in the upper figure. The suggestion is really for a silk blind. A sort of border is cut out round the



DECORATIVE SASH CURTAINS.

silk and fine lace sewed in. This helps to give light and at the same time is extremely pretty. The blind might be hung on a frame as is shown or might be bound with something at the top and be hung on a rod. Variations of this particular treatment are quite easy and consist in perhaps a little undulation at the bottom of the blind for a fringe. By daytime one gets the warm light through the silk and by night the pretty lace is seen.

In the second figure more elaboration is apparent, and here a special frame is certainly necessary. The silk is gathered together in a sort of bunch in the middle of the blind, and the light streaming through will make this look very pretty.

In the third figure muslin might be used, and it would perhaps not be too daring an innovation to suggest that a double sided cretonne should be inserted in the strip shown. Of course, the cretonne would want very careful choosing in conjunction with the muslin.

A Frozen Pudding.

Wash one-fourth a cup of rice. Let boil five minutes in boiling salted water and drain carefully; then put into a double boiler with one-fourth a teaspoonful of salt and two cups of milk and cook until the grains are tender. Add three-fourths a cup of powdered sugar and let cool slightly. Soak one-fourth box of powdered gelatin in two tablespoonfuls of cold water, add three



tablespoonfuls of boiling water and let stand in a warm place until thoroughly dissolved, then strain into the rice. Set into a pan of ice and water and stir until it begins to set, then flavor with one

tablespoonful of vanilla extract and fold in one cup of double cream beaten solid. Put the mixture into a quart mold, filling the corners and packing solidly, and press the cover on tightly over paper. Let stand packed in equal parts of ice and salt about two hours. The mixtures should not be frozen very hard. Serve with orange or lemon jelly cut in small cubes. Arrange the jelly as a wreath about the glass. Raspberry or strawberry preserves may be used instead of the jelly.

For the lemon jelly let one box of gelatin soak in three-fourths a cup of cold water, dissolve in a pint of boiling water in which a two inch piece of cinnamon bark has been steeping on the back of the range half an hour or more, add one cup of sugar and when cold three-fourths a cup of lemon juice. Strain through a cheesecloth into a shallow dish. The jelly should be about half an inch thick. When thoroughly cold, spread a paper over the meat board, immerse the vessel containing the jelly in warm water and invert on the paper. Dip a sharp knife into warm water and cut the jelly into equal squares.—Boston Cooking School Magazine.

Household Brevities.

There is a great deal of sound sense in persons suffering from insomnia taking rides on the trolley car to make them sleep.

Some cooks claim that the best way to cook bacon is to lay thin slices on a fine wire broiler over a dripping pan and bake it in a hot oven until brown and crisp. By this method no grease is left on the meat.

Use alcohol to mix whitening for cleansing silver. It gives a brilliant and more lasting polish than water.

An excellent salad is made by placing red kidney beans that are seasoned with salt and pepper on lettuce or cress and covering it with French dressing.

A maple floor for a kitchen that has not been finished in wax or oil is best taken care of by being scrubbed or rubbed with any of the scouring preparations now in the market.

CALL 'EM UP.

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Below will be found a list of the Enterprise advertisers whose places of business or residences have a telephone connection. The list is published for the convenience of Enterprise readers, who may desire to communicate with these establishments.

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Services—Sunday, preaching 11 a.m.; Sunday school, 9.45 a.m.; holy communion first and third Sundays of each month.
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Rev. Carleton A. Staples, pastor, residence, Massachusetts Avenue, near Elm Avenue. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10.30 a.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Sewing circle every other Thursday. Young People's guild every Sunday evening in the vestry at 7 p.m.

FOLLEN UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, near Pleasant, west, E. L.
Rev. Lorenzo D. Cochrane, residence, Locust avenue, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 10.45 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m. 10 m. Follen Alliance, fortnightly, Thursdays, at 2 p.m. Follen guild meets 6.30 p.m., Sunday. Lend-a-Hand club and Little Helpers.

HANCOCK CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Massachusetts Avenue, opposite the Common.
Rev. Charles F. Carter, pastor, residence, Hancock street, Services—Sunday, 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m. Week days, Y. P. S. C. E. Monday evening; prayer, Thursday, 7.45 p.m.

LEXINGTON BAPTIST CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Wallis Place.
Rev. J. H. Cox, pastor, residence, Waltham. Services—Sunday, preaching, 10.30 a.m., 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 12 m.; Tuesday, 7.45 p.m.; Y. P. S. C. E.; Friday, 7.45 p.m., prayer meeting.
Branch, Emerson Hall, East Lexington. Services—Sunday, 3 p.m.; Sunday school, 4 p.m.; Thursday evening, 7.45, prayer meeting.

ST. BRIDGET'S ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Massachusetts Ave., near Elm Ave.
Rev. P. J. Kavanagh, pastor, residence next to the church. Services—Alternate Sundays at 9 and 10.30 a.m.; vespers 4 p.m., every Sunday; Weekdays, mass at 8 a.m.

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

Simon Robinson Lodge.
Meets at Masonic hall, Town Hall building, second Monday of each month at 7.30 p.m.

ORDER OF UNITED WORKMEN.

Meets in A. O. U. W. hall, Hancock street, corner Bedford street, second and fourth Tuesday evenings in each month, 7.30 p.m.

IMPROVED ORDER OF HEPTASOPHS.

Lexington Conclave.
Meets at A. O. U. W. hall, second and fourth Wednesday evenings in each month.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

George G. Meade Post 119.
Meets in Grand Army hall third Thursday of each month.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Council No. 94.
Meets in Lexington hall, Hunt block, Massachusetts Avenue, first and third Tuesdays of each month.

LEXINGTON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Meets in Corey hall second Tuesday evenings of winter months.

THE LEND-A-HAND OF THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

Meetings second Tuesday in each month at 3 p.m., in the church vestry.

ART CLUB.

Meetings held Monday afternoons at members' residences, from November 1st to May 1st.

EAST LEXINGTON FINANCE CLUB.

Meets first Monday each month at Stone building, East Lexington.

LEXINGTON MONDAY CLUB.

Meets in winter every week at homes of members. Membership limited to 15.

SHAKESPEARE CLUB.

Meetings held Monday evenings, at members' residences, from October 15 to May 15.

THE TOURIST CLUB.

Meetings held at members' houses, Monday, 2.30 p.m.

LEXINGTON FIRE ALARM.

LOCATION OF BOXES.

45 cor. Pleasant and Watertown streets.
46 cor. Waltham and Middle streets.
47 cor. Lincoln and School streets.
48 cor. Clark and Forest streets.
49 cor. Mass. Avenue and Cedar street.
50 Bedford street—No. Lexington depot.
51 Bedford street—Opp. J. M. Reed's.
52 cor. Hancock and Adams streets.
53 cor. Ash and Reed streets.
54 cor. Woburn and Vine streets.
55 cor. Woburn and Lowell streets.
56 Lowell street near Arlington line.
57 Warren st. opp. Mrs. W. R. Monroe's.
58 cor. Mass. Avenue and Auburn street.
59 cor. Bloomfield and Eustice streets.
60 Mass. Avenue and Percy road.
61 Mass. Avenue opp. Village hall.
62 Mass. Avenue and Pleasant street.
63 Mass. Avenue opp. E. Lexington depot.
64 Mass. Avenue and Sylvia streets.
65 Bedford street near Elm street.
66 Centre Engine House.
67 cor. Grant and Sherman streets.
68 cor. Merriam and Oakland streets.
69 Hancock street near Hancock Avenue.
70 cor. Mass. and Elm avenues.
71 Chandler street near town hall.
72 Mass. Avenue near town hall.

PRIVATE BOXES.

231 Morrill estate, Lowell street.
561 Carhouse, Birch street, No. Lexington.

DEPARTMENT SIGNALS.

Second alarm, repetition of first; general alarm, eleven blows; all out, two blows; brush fire, three blows followed by box number.

SPECIAL SIGNALS.

Test signal, one blow at 12 m.; no school signal, three blows repeated three times; police call, five blows three times; special signal, 22 five times from electric light station.

LOCATION OF WHISTLES, ETC.

Whistle at electric light station, bell on Follen church, East Lexington, tapper at residence of chief engineer, tapper at residence of first assistant engineer, tapper at residence of second assistant engineer, tapper at pumping station, tapper at residence of Wm. B. Foster, police, tapper at residence of C. H. Franks, police, tapper at centre engine house, tapper at East Lexington engine house, tapper at residence of James E. Shely.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Before giving an alarm, be sure a fire exists.

Give the alarm at the nearest box.

Pull the hook way down, only once, and let go.

Never give an alarm for a fire seen at a distance.

Wait at the box, if possible, and direct the firemen to the fire.

Never give a second alarm for the same fire; all second alarms are given by the engineers or other persons in authority.

Never give an alarm for a brush fire unless buildings are in danger; but inform the engineers and they will take action to extinguish it.

Citizens are requested to inform themselves as to the location of keys. Signs over the boxes will give the necessary information.

CAUTION TO PERSONS HAVING KEYS.

Never open boxes except to give an alarm.

You cannot remove your key until an engineer releases it, and it will then be returned to you.

Never allow the key out of your possession except to some responsible party, for the purpose of giving an alarm, and then see that it is returned.

If you remove from your place of residence or business, return the key to the chief engineer.

The Throne of Lilies.

The throne of France is called "the throne of lilies" because of the old national emblem—the fleur-de-lis, a species of lily. The story of the adoption of the fleur-de-lis is partly historical and partly legendary.

According to history, Clovis, king of the Franks, married the Princess Clotilde of Burgundy in A. D. 493. The young queen, who was a Christian, earnestly desired the conversion of her husband, who, like most of the Frankish nation, was a heathen. Her arguments, however, had but little effect upon him. In 496 the Franks and the Allemanni (Germans) were at war, and at the battle of Tolbiac, near Cologne, Clovis was so hard pressed by his enemies that in desperation he called upon the God of the Christians for help, vowing that should he obtain victory he would himself become a Christian. The Allemanni were routed, and on Christmas day of the same year Clovis and several thousand of his soldiers were baptized.

The continuation of the story, which is legendary, is that on the eve of his baptism an angel from heaven presented King Clovis with a blue banner embroidered with golden fleur-de-lis, which he was to adopt as the banner of France. However this may have been, the fact remains that from the time of Clovis to the French revolution the kings of France bore as their arms first an indefinite number and latterly three golden lilies on an azure field.

Finest Sevres in the World.

At Buckingham palace there is an apartment called the Bow library, which contains one of the finest collections of Sevres in the world. There also is an immense Chinese plaque or trophy taken as loot from a palace in Peking during one of the Chinese wars early in Victoria's reign. It is said that a great Chinese noble who was very anxious to see Buckingham palace once recognized and identified it with some show of displeasure.

Two immense rectangular oriental vases over four feet high stand on the floor of one of the rooms and have the comparatively narrow medallion necks and lids with which cheap modern Kaga specimens have made us all familiar. They are of rich dark blue, pencil gilt, and the small medallions and large panels are all white and most gracefully painted with flowers, and in one central panel with the bit of wall indicated in the common willow pattern. A couple of large vases of the tear bottle shape are also of this rich blue, trellised with gold and with white panels on the round part painted with flowers. There are also some fine examples of green cracked celadon, the old eastern kind, in which a pale sea green color was mixed with the paste before firing and very different from any colorings put on the surface afterward.

Poisonous Silk Stockings.

In producing certain delicate colors in silk chloride of tin is used as a mordant, and it is said that unless great care is taken a large proportion of it remains in the completed fabric. In the case of stockings or any garment next the skin the perspiration may dissolve the tin, and it is then absorbed by the skin. A case is reported from Vienna of a woman who suffered from attacks of paralysis in the lower extremities, with numbness, a sense of coldness and a peculiar jerkiness of the legs in walking. She noticed that whenever these symptoms were the worst her feet were colored yellow, and it was found that this staining was caused by light yellow silk stockings which she wore. They were analyzed and considerable quantities of tin found.

The obvious moral of this, says The Hospital, is that ladies should not wear pretty silks next their skin in hot weather unless they can be sure they are not mordanted with tin salts. Colors which are "fast" in relation to ordinary washing are frequently readily soluble in perspiration.

Telegraphy and Invention.

The Abbe Barthelemy seems to have had a prevision of the practical use to be made of electricity in sending messages. Writing to Mme. du Deffand in 1772, he observes:

"It is said that with two timepieces, the hands of which are magnetic, it is enough to move one of these hands to make the other take the same direction, so that by causing one to strike 12 the other will strike the same hour. Let us suppose that artificial magnets were improved to the point that their virtue could communicate itself from here to Paris. You have one of these timepieces, we another of them. Instead of hours we find the letters of the alphabet on the dial. Every day at a certain hour we turn the hand, and M. Wiard, Mme. du Deffand's secretary, puts together the letters and reads. This idea pleases me immensely. It would soon be corrupted by applying it to spying in armies and in politics, but it would be very agreeable in commerce and in friendship."

The Crows' Judicial System.

That feature of crow life that we might call the judiciary system has interested ornithologists more than anything else. There seems to be no doubt that crows have a judicial system for the trial and punishment of culprits. According to the accounts of reputable observers, the crow courts are conducted something after this fashion: A solemn conclave of old croakers is held on a tree. A crestfallen prisoner is among them. Three or four old fellows, probably crow lawyers, will jabber away for awhile, and then there will be an apparent consultation of the whole flock sitting as a jury. If the verdict be against the prisoner, he is sentenced to death and turned over to the executioners, who peck the life out of him.—Exchange.

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A good 5c. cigar can be and is often sold for 10c., because large sums are expended in advertising it which the smoker must pay for.

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MOTHERS.

Mother are the queerest things! Member when John went away, All but mother cried and cried. When they said goodbye that day She just talked and seemed to be Not the slightest bit upset; Was the only one who smiled! Others' eyes were streaming wet. But when John came back again On a furlough, safe and sound, With a medal for his deeds And without a single wound, While the rest of us hurraed, Laughed and joked and danced about, Mother kissed him; then she cried, Cried and cried like all git out! —Edwin L. Sabin in Century Magazine.

MAY MORNING MAGIC.

A Beltaine Story.

BY ALICE FURLONG.

In the pass of Windy Gap, among the mountains of Silve Margy, it was April, and the brook, that came with the winds from higher lands and leaped, singing, down through the gap, went into the valley by banks of primroses and carried away in its water dropped catkins from the overhanging willows and thin brown sheaths that had been hiding young buds from the sun and rain.

It was on the very last day of the month that Dan Heffernan of Windy Gap came to his father where he was plowing in the steep field and walked by his side on the unbroken sod and told him that he was going to seek a wife. The father began to count the comfortable young women in the parish.

"There's Kate O'Connor, a likely girl, or Grace Kegan, that has a roll o' guineas tied up in a stockin," he said. He drove the bright plowshare into the earth and urged on the meek cattle up the slope. The sun was dipping behind Silve Ruadh, evening birds began to pipe and lilt from the green copses, and a host of crows were in the track of the plow, watching for worms and garrulous among themselves. "Or mebbe you'd be havin an eye on the widow woman—a fine armful," said the father.

The cheek of the young man reddened. He had no fancy for Mollie Doheny, the widow woman. A year makes a great difference in the feelings of a young man.

"I went courtin her last summer," said Dan to his father, "but it was before the uncle in Tipperary town left me that bit o' money, an she said 'No' to me."

The round gold sun rolled out of sight over the edge of the mountain. The young man looked up as the last gleam went, and he saw in heaven little clouds hovering. He thought that they were like young rosy angels and that the countenance of every angel was bent in love upon a homely cabin standing far and lonely on the brow of the hill.

"Mollie was a sensible woman, father," said Dan. "An that's no bad compliment to put upon her, but I'm goin elsewhere for a wife."

It was then that the old man followed the way of his son's looks and saw how they went to the cabin in the green dusk of the distant mountain cleft.

"Saints an angels! 'Tisn't Noreen O'Driscoll you have in your mind!" he said with a shout and gave the ropes such a pull that the plow horses came to a stand, while the crows flew away in affright at the noise and made it tenfold greater with their cawing and the flapping of their black wings. "Sure, Noreen has no more nor one sickly cow to get for her portion," grumbled the father. And then he gave a snort of derision and shook the ropes on the backs of the cattle until they went again on their patient way over the brown furrow that was sweet and fresh of smell in the April evening. The father tramped along moody and silent, determined to set his face against this poor marriage that his boy was considering. Noreen O'Driscoll indeed! Fitter far for Dan to look out for a comfortable woman with a few sleek cows to match his own.

The son left his father's side and went from the field by the gate in the low stone wall that was half hidden in deep, soft mosses and plummy fern. He strode up the mountain, over the gray grass and the golden beaded furze that was filling the darkening air with the scent of honey. Pure and high and lonely was the evening star in that misty blue heaven from which the rosy angels had flown after the sun. There was a beaten path up the hill to that cabin they had smiled upon in love, and soon Dan Heffernan was treading the white riband and at its end, which was the door of Noreen's home.

The cabin was well nigh dark, what with the haze of the turf smoke and the hour that was in it, but Dan saw the mother of Noreen knitting beside the hearth, and who should happen to be her companion but Mollie Doheny, the widow woman. The young man was no whit sorry to see her there. His black eyes flashed as he bade her the time of evening and sat himself on the crepele stool by Mrs. O'Driscoll.

"What good luck drew you this way tonight, Dan agra?" asked the mother of Noreen. "An did you catch e'er a glimpse o' me little girl as you come up the hill?"

"'Tis lookin for Noreen I come here, ma'am," said Dan, and he fixed his eyes upon the mother in such a manner that she partly guessed what he was after. As for the young widow, she grew as red in the face as a poppy. With his five sleek cows to graze her two little fields, Dan Heffernan had been a husband to Mollie's fancy.

"It's unlucky to take a wife in the month o' May," she said viciously.

"I'll wait till May's over," answered

Dan Heffernan. "An mebbe you will put in an appearance at our wedding, Mollie."

"Who's talkin of a wedding?" cried a voice from the door, and in walked little Noreen herself, her eyes like violets all shining with the evening dew.

"'Tis meself is talkin of it, Noreen," said young Dan Heffernan, and, standing up, he put his two hands on her shoulders and looked down into her face, "an it's you that has the sayin of yea or nay to me in the matter."

"You've a rag on every bush, Dan Heffernan!" cried the widow, rising and flouncing out of the place.

But no one was paying any attention to her, for Noreen had run away to hide her face on her mother's bosom, and the young man was trying to coax her out of her shyness that would not let her say yea, though she was very fain to speak the word.

It fell out that as Mollie Doheny was on the road home she met with the wise woman from Drumdurg. The wise woman was stooped and withered. Her face had a thousand wrinkles on it, like the skin of an old brown apple, and her eyes were nearly shut up in her head. She muttered with herself as she walked and said "S-sh, s-sh," to the right side and the left, as if she were bidding ghostly unseen things to leave her way. With one hand she leaned upon a stick, and with the other she held an apronful of fresh gathered herbs that exhaled dim and moist odors from their crushed and broken stems.

"It's late you're wandherin, ma'am," said Mollie, standing somewhat aside to let the crone pass. The young widow was half afraid, for the hour was solemn with falling darkness and the first stars.

"'Tis the night for wandherin, acushla," muttered the old woman, letting her face fall lower toward the ground, "an not lonesome are me wandherin's."

"God between us an all harm!" said the widow, shivering.

The wise woman lifted her eyebrows and peered out at Mollie Doheny and began to smile darkly.

"What harm is in it to talk with the shae, the fine an fair mannered people o' the rats?" she said, mumbling.

"They're good friends to them that comes to them. Oh, a very gentle night is this, Mollie, agra! Many a strange thing is done between the dark an the dawn. Many a flower an herb pulled in this dew has powers in it to make you thremlie. I could tell you how to win a sweetheart, an you wanted that knowledge; but, sure, you're a handsome young woman."

She dropped her dark, gleaming eyes and moved forward on her way.

"Wait a minute, ma'am; just a minute!" cried Mollie of a sudden. She had forgotten her fright and remembered the insult put upon her by that young Dan Heffernan. "I've a grudge agen a neighbor that did me a bad turn. Tell us one little charm that 'd make him repent of it, granny ashore."

The old woman turned herself back. A kind of dusky fire was burning in her eyes. She looked around her—to bush and brake and rugged bowlder of stone—as if she were reading the faces of them that spoke by her mouth.

"Would you fancy a strip o' skin peeled without break from head to foot o' a corpse to put into their bosom an make them love you to distraction while you'd make them into a byword wid the neighbors be your scorn?" she croaked, her restless gaze never ceasing to wander. That dusky fire always wavering in her eyes. "Or would you have a taste o' the rope that hanged a suicide?"

"No, no!" shivered Mollie, beginning to be afraid again, yet loath to leave Dan Heffern

